

My Little Pretty One.

FOUR-PART SONG.

Words early 17th Century.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
39,840
EDWARD JOHNSON
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Allegro leggiero.

SOPRANO. *pp* My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rta mer-ry one! And *mf*

ALTO. *pp* My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rta mer-ry one! And *mf*

TENOR. *pp* My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one? Oh! thou'rta mer-ry one! And *mf*

BASS. *pp* My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rta mer-ry one! And *mf*

(For practice only.) *Allegro leggiero. ♩ = 132.* *pp* *mf*

p play-ful as can be. With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, *cres.*

p play-ful as can be, With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must *cres.*

p play-ful as can be, With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must *cres.*

p play-ful as can be. With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must *cres.*

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MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE.

poco rit. And I must sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee. *a tempo.* My lit-tle pret-ty one!

poco rit. sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee. *a tempo.* My lit-tle pret-ty one!

poco rit. sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee. *a tempo.* My lit-tle pret-ty one!

poco rit. sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee. *a tempo.* My lit-tle pret-ty one!

poco rit. My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And playful as can be. *mp*

My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And playful as can be. With a *mp*

My soft-ly winning one! Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And playful as can be. With a *mp*

My soft-ly win-ning one! Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And playful as can be. With a *mp*

With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh, But *pp*

beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But *pp*

beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But *pp*

beck thou com'st a-non; In a trice, too, thou art gone. And I must sigh a-lone, But *pp*

MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE.

rall. *a tempo.* *f* *mp* *ff*

sighs are lost up-on thee, Art thou my smiling one, Art thou my pouting one, Art thou my teasing one, A

rall. *a tempo.* *f* *mp* *ff*

sighs are lost up-on thee, Art thou my smiling one, Art thou my pouting one, Art thou my teasing one, A

rall. *a tempo.* *f* *mp* *ff*

sighs are lost up-on thee, Art thou my smiling one, Art thou my pouting one, Art thou my teasing one, A

rall. *a tempo.* *f* *p* *mp* *f* *ff*

sighs are lost up-on thee, Art thou my smiling one, Art thou my pouting one, Art thou my teasing one, A

dim. e rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

goddess, elf, or grace? With a frown thou wound'st my heart, . .

dim. e rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

goddess, elf, or grace? With . . a frown . . thou wound'st my

dim. e rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

goddess, elf, or grace? With a frown . . thou wound'st . . my heart,

dim. e rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

goddess, elf, or grace? With a frown thou wound'st my heart, With a

f *f* *f*

With a smile thou heal'st the smart; Why play the ty-rant's part with

heart, With . . a smile thou heal'st the smart; Why play the ty-rant's part with

With a smile . . thou heal'st . . the smart; Why play the ty-rant's part with

smile thou heal'st the smart; Why play the ty-rant's part with

MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE

rall. e dim. 3 *a tempo.* *pp*
 such an in-no-cent face. My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one!
rall. e dim. *a tempo.* *pp*
 such an in-no-cent face. My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one!
rall. e dim. 3 *a tempo.* *pp*
 such an in-no-cent face. My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one!
rall. e dim. 3 *a tempo.* *pp*
 such an in-no-cent face. My lit-tle pret-ty one! My soft-ly win-ning one!

mf *p*
 Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And play-ful as can be. With a beck thou com'st a-non;
mf *p*
 Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And play-ful as can be, With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a
mf *p*
 Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And play-ful as can be, With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a
mf *p*
 Oh! thou'rt a mer-ry one! And play-ful as can be, With a beck thou com'st a-non; In a

poco rit.
 In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee.
cres. *poco rit.*
 trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee.
cres. *poco rit.* *dim.*
 trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee.
cres. *poco rit.* *dim.*
 trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a-lone, But sighs are lost up-on thee.